

# The Minneapolis Tragedy:

Leonard Day Killed and Frank Hamilton Indicted for Murder. Is It a Society Scandal? 3 3 3

Special Correspondence of The Sunday Republic.

Minneapolis, Minn., Dec. 15.—With the indictment on a charge of murder in the first degree of Frank H. Hamilton, sporting editor of the Minneapolis Times, and son of one of the best known families in the West, comes the second act in a tragedy that has occupied this city and has probably caused more heartburns than any other tragedy ever enacted in the Northwest.

Leonard Day, the young society man, who was killed, was a member of the West Hotel, this city, at 1 o'clock on the morning of Sunday, November 25, was killed in the billiard room of the West Hotel, the fashionable headquarters of the city, and the two men were under the influence of liquor at the time.

Each of the two men with him a party of his friends with Day were Fred, George and Charles S. Farce, society men and fashion leaders, while with Hamilton were several newspaper friends. These also were William Bennett, and A. M. Harbo, traveling men from St. Louis, two or three young bank clerks, and one or two men about town.

Day, George and Farce were playing billiards when Hamilton and his party entered the room, after having ordered several drinks. Some one addressed Hamilton by name, and immediately Day asked for an introduction to him. This was given, and the young millionaire is said to have at once declared, in merry tones, "You are the man I have been looking for." Then the scene of a woman, Miss Carrie Slagle, the handsome daughter of a prominent surgeon, and well known in society, was mentioned.

Following this the voices of the two men were raised in anger, and before the other men in the room realized what was happening, the two were engaged in a struggle, in which Day is alleged to have attacked Hamilton with a billiard cue. Friends intervened, and in a few moments the combatants shook hands and agreed to stop the matter until both were completely sober.

For a few moments a heated conversation participated in by all present, was interrupted, then Day and Hamilton began wrangling again. Day, according to Hamilton, having circulated stories derogatory to him—stories that had been told him by Miss Slagle. Only a few words passed, when the two men rushed at each other again, and began striking.

Fred George, who is a tall, well-built, athletic man, seeing that the fighters were being upon, rushed forward, and endeavored to separate the combatants. Rushing between them, he tried to push them apart, and was partially successful. Suddenly he felt his right hand grow numb, and on looking down saw that the number had been laid upon the base of the thumb to the tip of the middle finger by a wicked knife blow. Blood poured in torrents from the wound, and the injured man left the room to dress his hand.

As he disappeared through the door, due to the lavatory Day and Hamilton separated again, and a second later Hamilton stood gazing down upon him, the look of anger upon his swollen face giving way to one of pity. The spectator at first thought that Day had simply received a knockout blow, and one of the men made a joking reference to it. Day had always prided himself upon his ability to defend himself with his fists.

Suddenly the floor upon which the fallen man was lying grew red as a great pool of blood formed about him, separating his clothing and revealing his face and feet. William Bennett was the first to see that there had been a tragedy, and he quickly knelt beside Day, who lay at a glance was dying. He was followed a moment later by Charles S. Farce, who, as a girl, her, who uttered the shock of his father's antagonist and endeavored to restore him by rubbing his hands and feet.

With the discovery that murder had been done all the men in the room, with the exception of Hamilton, Bennett, Farce, and a newspaper man named Canfield, endeavored to leave the place. One went for a surgeon, who was slow in arriving. Upon his reaching the spot he glanced hastily at the form lying upon the floor and announced: "Gentlemen, all your work is useless, Mr. Day is dead."

Like a flash of lightning fell the words upon the ears of the little party, and they stared first at the surgeon and then at the dead body, as if unable to believe the statement of the medical man. Only for a moment were they spellbound. Then Hamilton and Dayton, moved by a single purpose, fell upon their knees by the side of the dead, and with their hands clasped and their eyes closed, recited in unison a prayer sacred in the ritual of the Episcopal Church.

O, Almighty God, with whom do live the spirits of just men made perfect after they have been called from this earth, etc. were the words that thrilled the surgeon, familiar as he was with southern scenes, and the members of the little party who had a few moments before seen Day and Hamilton struggling like demons, their lips uttering curses loud and bitter, and their fingers fastened on each other's throat.

While this dramatic scene was being enacted in the presence of the dead the police had been sent for, and an officer arrived at the hotel in a few minutes. All of the persons in the room were detained pending a brief investigation, and when this was ended Hamilton was taken into custody, but not locked up for the time being. As he was still far under the influence of liquor, he was taken to the office of the Chief of Police, where he sat, surrounded by his friends, until morning, in consultation with an attorney who had been summoned.

Meantime the detectives have been working on the case, and after they made their report Hamilton was locked up, with the charge of murder against him. To his friends objected in no uncertain tones, and



LEONARD R. DAY.  
Young millionaire society man of Minneapolis, Minn., who was stabbed to death in the billiard room of the West Hotel, Minneapolis, Sunday morning, November 25, for which crime Frank Hamilton has been indicted for murder in the first degree.

FRANK H. HAMILTON.  
Minneapolis newspaper man just indicted by the Grand Jury of Hennepin County, Minn., on a charge of murder in the first degree for the killing of Leonard Day, who was stabbed to death in the billiard room of the West Hotel early Sunday morning, November 25.

ing that as other men, notably Fred George, had testified to the fact, it was unjust discrimination to hold Hamilton and the others remain at liberty.

When the city awoke and read the account of the killing in the extra editions of the papers it was thrilled as never before since the city murder, when a handsome young woman was murdered at the hotel of Harry Hayward, who afterwards paid on the gibbets the penalty of his crime. The office of the Chief of Police and the city prison were filled with friends of both the most wealthy and influential residents of the city were there, and with them came doctors, women, male and female, to whom both men were known.

Great pressure was brought to bear upon the coroner, and for the first time in the history of the county an inquest was held on Sunday. All of the men present at the time of the tragedy were summoned, but several of them made such poor witnesses and were so reluctant to give their testimony that much unfavorable comment was caused. Not one of them would admit having seen at any time the knife with which the killing was done, and which was found on the floor, immediately by the side of Day, who was picked up and laid on a billiard table.

This failure to see the knife was regarded as a strange thing, inasmuch as the autopsy showed that several blows had been struck with it, and that the small blade had been broken in the head of Day before the fatal death was a stab at the base of the neck, left side, which severed the jugular artery and caused the victim to bleed to death in a short time. It seems to have been inflicted with the large blade of the knife, which was found covered with blood.

There was a general feeling that much of the story was being held back, and when the coroner's jury returned a verdict holding Hamilton responsible for the death of Day by reason of having whittled the knife and inflicted the fatal wound a cry went up from all eyes that men high in society were being protected. The manner of some of the men against whom this accusation was directed helped to bear out the assertion, and for a time several of them were in anything but comfortable positions.

Meantime stories of all kinds were flying about the city as the case was discussed. There is hardly a better known man in the city than Day or Hamilton, and wherever the tragedy was the topic under discussion. That Hamilton had repeated to others stories reflecting upon the character of Day, that had been poured into his ear by Miss Slagle, who is one of the handsomest

girls in the city, and the leader of the "society" set, was admitted by his friends, even, and that the men had quarreled over this was not denied.

For the first few days the name of Miss Slagle was mentioned only in whispers. Then other names began to be heard in connection with the matter, and on and on there was no secret of the fact that half a dozen or more women, all of them of respectable family and decidedly prominent, were intimately connected with the two men. Miss Slagle denied emphatically that she had ever told tales of the dead man, but she admitted that before Hamilton appeared in the city she was a woman with Fred of Day, and that of late she had been frequently in the company of the newspaper man, much to the displeasure of Day.

Other names mentioned in connection with the case were those of Miss Grace Townsend, a relative of the Minnopolis, and Miss Gertrude Gooding, a daughter of the late W. E. Gooding, who committed suicide in Spokane two years ago. These young women, in company with Day and another man, were in the billiard room of the West Hotel, where the tragedy occurred, on the morning of the killing. They were sitting at a table, and were watching each other in a friendly manner.

Suddenly Miss Townsend jumped to her feet, glass of wine in hand, and said: "You are wrong, Grace," spoke up Miss Gooding. "You should say, 'Let's drink and be merry, for to-morrow we die.'"

"You are both wrong, girls," then spoke Day, as he smiled at the young women. "This is the best," and he arose, and touched his glass to the glasses of the women.

"Let's eat, drink and be merry, for to-morrow we die," spoke up the young women, and in a short time the young women were put in a carriage, and sent home, and Day and his friend went to the West Hotel, where the tragedy occurred. When they learned of the murder that Day had been killed in less than an hour after leaving them both Miss Townsend and Miss Gooding were almost

there are hundreds of thousands of dollars behind the prisoner, as well as hundreds of friends with which to press the case, when the trial will be a notable one in the criminal annals of the country.

It is more than likely that the murder of Day, which will be a revelation that will bring shame and sorrow to more than one fashionable family in the city. Both men had money to spend, and they spent it lavishly upon women, many of whom were in the first circles of society. Both were good dressers and popular, and were noted among their men friends as "sports" of the blood.

Hamilton came originally from New York, where his family name of the aristocracy, being connected with the Astors, the Belmonts and other noted families. One of his uncles, James A. Davis, New York, is worth has sent on attempts to care for the interests of the young man. The society Hamilton received from the Times was a mere pittance in comparison to his income, and it was a standing joke among the sportsmen of the city that he was wearing for a few dollars per week when he could make enough money in the course of a week to pay for the average daily newspaper outside of New York or Chicago.

Leonard Day was the son of Leonard Day, millionaire lumberman, and was a faithful friend of the Times. His mother, Mrs. Day, was a widow, and his father, who was a wealthy man, was a member of the board of directors of the Times. He was a sportsman, and was known for his love of the game. He was a member of the board of directors of the Times, and was a faithful friend of the Times.

There was a romance in the life of Mrs. Day that is particularly apt at this time, and it is being discussed with various persons who have followed the career of the Day family for years past.

Twenty-five years ago Mrs. Day was a slender girl of 15, just out of school, and she fell under the notice of "Old Leonard Day," who had made his pile in lumber, and was then enjoying life to the utmost.

Mr. Day's wife had died some time before, and this school girl, the white-haired lumberman began paying court, in a few weeks it was announced that the two were engaged to be married. The children of Mr. Day, his first wife, entered an emphatic protest, but it did not avail. A year later the young couple were married. This marriage brought about a coolness between Mr. Day and his father, who was a wealthy man, and he was a member of the board of directors of the Times.

Many stories are related concerning him at the West Hotel, and at the neighboring military fort, Fort Snelling.

According to one account, he had been crossed in love, and another rumor was that he had committed a terrible crime when a youth, for which he is now doing penance. It seems probable that he was only too ready to satisfy the demand made by every one at the agency, where he is regarded as the "Indian who lies on the ground."

The man is a Ute Indian. He has been kept alive by food supplied him daily, but he never speaks to those from whom he receives it.

He appeared extremely vigorous, his body well-matured and his skin healthy. He did not stir or notice the visitors in any way. They were told he had a relative who looked after him, and there was a kind of pen, built of stakes, which was evidently designed for his protection.

It seemed probable that if this Indian had been in the reservation, he would have been in an institution he would have died very shortly. The erection of permanent houses on this reservation is accompanied by a corresponding increase in the death rate.

The Ute lies at White Rocks have been little studied, and are very remote from beaten routes of travel, the agency being 60 miles by stage from the nearest railway. The road passes through several highly interesting canyons, in which the rocks are engraved with Indian photographs and numerous cliff paintings.

The reservation itself is very beautiful, being traversed with swift mountain streams, and in early summer the prairie is covered like a carpet with exquisite cactus blossoms.

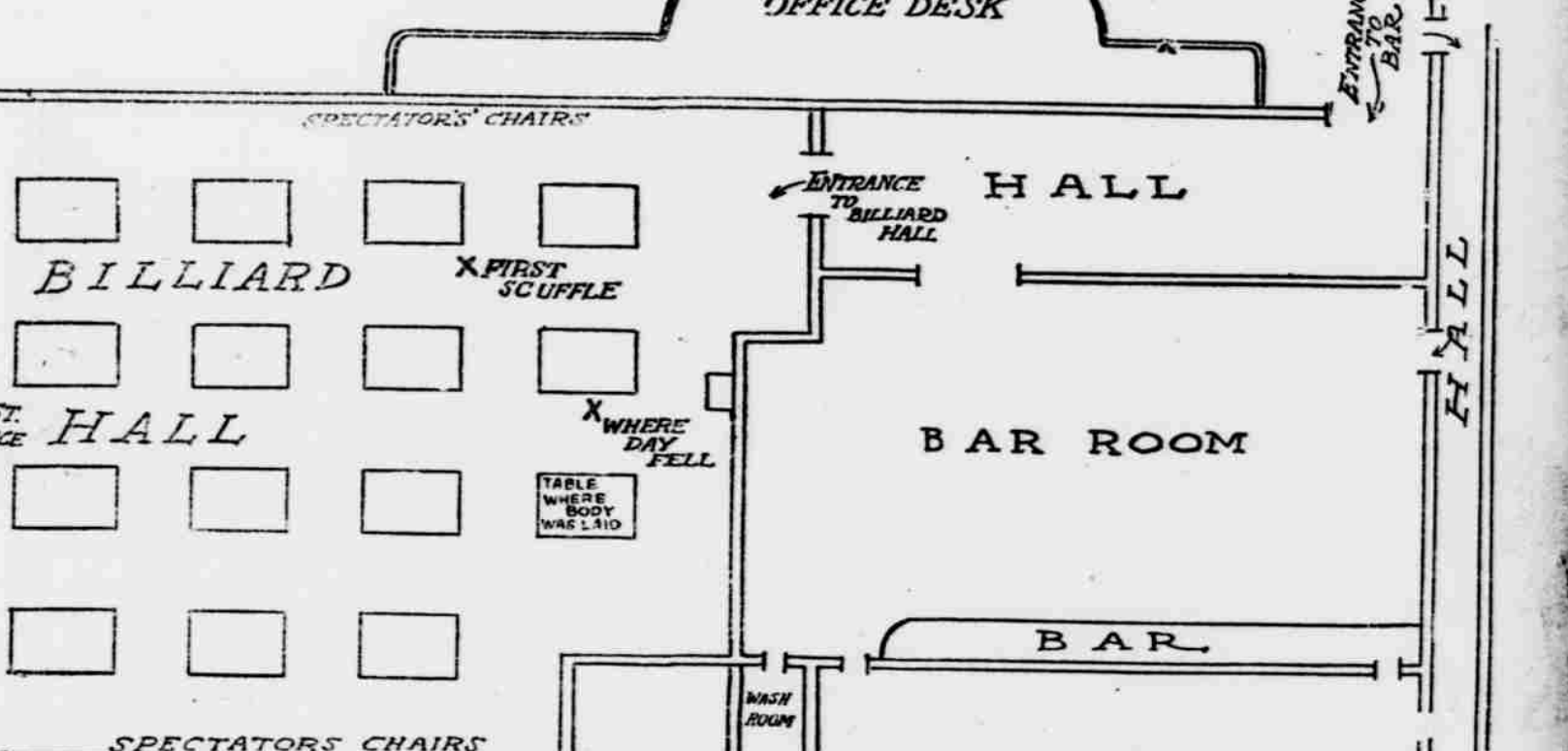
**GAVE COUNTERFEIT FOR GOOD GOLD COIN.**  
Tricky Boarders Caused Their Landlady Sorrow Before Sailing for Europe.

REPUBLIC SPECIAL.  
Chester, Pa., Dec. 15.—Mrs. Strobock of this city is mourning the loss of \$25 in gold, which two boarders who had made their home with her for two years have taken to Europe with them. Two weeks ago the two boarders informed their landlady that they were going to leave her and go home. Before leaving the men said they would like to give her \$25 as a remembrance. They had nothing but a hundred-dollar bill. She procured the \$25 in gold and gave it to the boarders, and then followed them to the dock and saw them leave for Europe. This morning the woman had a great shock when she tried to pass the bill.



TRAGEDY IN THE WEST HOTEL BILLIARD ROOM.

Frank Hamilton, now awaiting trial on a charge of murder in the first degree, was one of the first to kneel beside the dying man.



PLAN OF THE BILLIARD ROOM, WHERE THE TRAGEDY WAS ENACTED.

The above diagram shows the position of the pool and billiard tables in the room where Leonard Day was stabbed to death, and the points where the first and second clash between Hamilton and Day took place.